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Poetry: KIMIE

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KIMIE

"...and the physician, who
wished to remain anonymous,
claimed a high degree of success
using bee venom to reduce the
inflammation of arthritis."

Honolulu Star Bulletin

*So she lingers mornings
by the white wall,
a suppliant to bees
where sun doubles
the lustre of bougainvillaea.*

*Arm achingly lifted
in leaves, she offers
honeyed wrists that thicken
with venom when stung,
swell with the numb ghost
of flesh over spurred hands --
the same illusion
gold in her veins gave.*

*When light gilds sweet dust
shaken down by the bees,
quicken the dream
of those radiant arms
her youthful lover
would have licked clean
for a smile at **bon-odori**,*

*she sways, bound in the memory
of cane fields. Around her the wind
lays sweetness down,
blue haze sent up
in a far field's harvest
burning. Sparks tick
on her hands, sting her face
lifted up to kiss
her shimmering young man
whose arms tighten around her,
hold her so close she knows
her bones will ache forever.*

(in memoriam, K.T.)

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